

*The History of*

*Pri.* Faith, tel me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vsto do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garmentes with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Trim.* Hot livers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweet creature of bōbast, how long is't ago, Iack, since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee: when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plagu of sighing & grieve, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Braby from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & swore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Prin.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a sparrow flying,

*Fal.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good metall in him, hee runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascal art thou then, to praise him running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote he wil not afoote.

*Prince.* Yes Iack, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct; wel, he is there too, Mordake, and a thousand blew caps more. *Worcester* away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with this, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking mackrell.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there come a hote sun, and the buffetring hold, we shall buy many den heads as they buy nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall good trading that way, but tell me Hal, art not thou hoarse: thou being heire apparant, could the world put out three such enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*: art not thou horrible doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Nor a whit yfaith, I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Wel, thou wilt bee horrible chidde to morrow, thou comest to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practise sweare.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for my father, and examine me the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chaire shall be my state, I shall get my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a titull bald crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out, thou shalt thou bee moued. Giue mee a cup of sacke, mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue for I must speake in passion, and I will dee it, in King Caines vaine.

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